existence. Black markets developed in all important goods: leather, fabrics, metal, flour, sugar. Moreover, relations among the Armenians, Georgians, and Moslems deteriorated. Armed clashes occurred along the borders of the three republics.

In January, 1920, the Supreme Council of the Allies recognized the independence *de facto* of the three Transcaucasian republics. This was only a partial success, however, and would not keep the Volunteer Army and the Communists from overrunning Transcaucasia. Yet, despite their domestic and international difficulties, the Georgians remained cheerful and devoted to their government, seeking comfort in comparing conditions in their country with those in other parts of the former Russian Empire—civil war, pogroms, famine, terror.

Soon after our return to Georgia, an Italian mission arrived in Tiflis. It consisted of a tall, well-groomed major and a short, stocky lieutenant. The major presented the compliments of his government to Jordania, expressed Italy's desire to establish diplomatic and commercial relations with Georgia, and offered his services in accompanying a Georgian mission to Rome. The government decided to send a mission that was a combination of a diplomatic delegation and an exploratory economic expedition. An amiable young man, a graduate of the Sorbonne, was named Georgia's diplomatic representative and head of the mission. The economic work was entrusted to a Georgian oilman and myself; Emma was charged with information and press relations. We left Tiflis at the end of August, followed by the good wishes of our friends and companions.

ALLAH VERDI

The people, customs, and scenery of Georgia have remained deeply etched in my memory, not only as the last impressions of Russia I took with me on my further wanderings, but also because of their particular charm. Before turning this page of my life, I want to record a glimpse into the wilderness of this hospitable land.

. . . The mayor of Telav invited us to visit his place. "Telav is not much of a city," he said modestly, "but you must see it if you want to know Georgia. And then we would go to Allah Verdi together."

"What is Allah Verdi?" I asked him.

"An old church, a shrine, a fortress. Far away in the mountains. Its annual festival is wonderful."

We agreed we would go to Telav by train two days before the festival, and he would arrange for a conveyance to take us to the mountains.

Only the central part of Telav looked like a town. Dusty cobbled